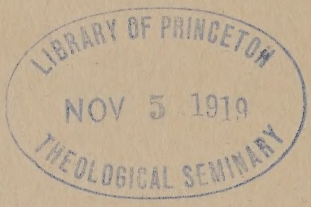
Christ Lord of Battles

Walter M. Haushalter



BT 736.2 .H38 1919
Haushalter, Walter Milton,
1889-
Christ Lord of battles

CHRIST LORD OF BATTLES

BY

WALTER M. HAUSHALTER

Author of "The Reconstruction of the American Church"

LIBRARY OF PRINCETON
NOV 5 1919
THEOLOGICAL SEMINARY

BOSTON
RICHARD G. BADGER
THE GORHAM PRESS

Copyright, 1919, by Richard G. Badger

All Rights Reserved

Made in the United States of America

The Gorham Press, Boston, U. S. A.

TO

THE WOMAN

WHO HAS MADE LIFE FRAGRANT

WITH THE IDEALISM

OF CHRIST.

INTRODUCTION

"Almost all things are by the law purged with blood; and without shedding of blood is no remission of sin." Hebrews, 9:22.

"Think not that I am come to send peace on earth; I come not to send peace, but a sword." Jesus, Matthew, 10:34.

"By faith the prophets subdued Kingdoms, escaped the edge of the sword, waxed mighty in war, turned to flight armies of the aliens." Hebrews 11:33-35.

INTRODUCTION

A GREAT modern poet, whose art depends on more than involved artifice, has remarked that August 4, 1914, like a great knife, divides Universe History. As a result the world is now passing through one of those terribly confused times known as a period of transition. The spirit of God is brooding over the face of the deep void, working the clay of chaos into order. The time is full of contradictions, "out of joint," as Hamlet would say; and yet it is one of the most fascinating times in which a man could have been sent into the world to live and make his contribution. There is a hectic something and yet a promising something discernible in the lightest conversation of the fireside or in the weighty words and actions of public men. A recent dramatist said that our day is the most visionary and yet the most practical, the most hard-headed and yet the most soft-headed, the most positive and yet the most perplexed, the most despondent and yet the most hope-

ful time the world has ever known. Phillips Brooks declared his own day so seething with nervous perplexity and confusion that if the Nineteenth Century were to last much longer the world could not endure it.

> I am wandering between two worlds, one dead
> The other powerless to be born;
> With nowhere yet to rest my head
> Like those on earth I wait forlorn.

But every time of world uncertainty has proved a time of added religious zeal and power. Ice and rock are both solid but in time of dissolving the ice melts and the rock remains. So in our time the world is getting a new consciousness of the great "Rock in a weary land," the adamantine Christ, the Hope of the World.

During the death-grapple of the world Armageddon a beautiful story found favour among the soldiers in France, a story that acknowledged no blush of unbelief in claiming the miraculous intervention of angels in the British defense at Mons. The story, like that of the White Christ, found considerable assent among the farther-removed people at home. Its truth was attested by the religious press, and by the pulpits of Manchester and

Weymouth whose clergy gave verification from friends who knew and saw. The testimony puts it that on August 24, 1914, the British contingent, out of touch with the French, were in danger of annihilation from the Germans under Von Kluck. The steel-gray masses of Germans were sweeping up to the English trenches in irresistible waves. One Englishman had the presence of mind to invoke St. George, the patron-saint of England, and straightway there appeared before the English trenches a host of shining bow-men who charged the Germans. Their arrows cut down the enemy faster than machine-guns. The archers were supposed to be those same who had saved the day for England at Agincourt, hundreds of years before. The story had gone so far that Dean Henson preached a strong sermon in Westminster Cathedral against the introduction of superstition into Christ's religion; and for a shilling one may buy Arthur Machen's "The Bowmen," in which he sifts the evidence to find that the British themselves charged the enemy with the St. George battle-cry and won the day.

Let the explanation be as mystical or as rationalistic as you will, there is the conviction in the

heart of the thoughtful world of today that in the Armageddon of the Universe Christ has not been pacifist. The conviction has become deeply throbbing and vibrant in a vast majority of Christendom that the peaceful, spiritual, meditative Christ can, like Hamlet, put his "War-visage" on and go forth to do battle. When the pacifist quotes Scripture, trumps of course call for trumps, and there are not wanting eloquent passages to vindicate the militant Christ. "They that bear the sword bear it not in vain for they also are ministers of Christ to execute wrath upon the disobedient." "He that hath no sword," says Jesus, "let him sell his garments and go buy one." "I come not to send peace upon the earth but a sword." From the flaming sword placed in the Garden of Eden to defend the tree of life to the sword of the Word of God of Revelation, three hundred and fifty-one times that sharp, keen, inexorable weapon flashes forth from the sacred pages. When the golden rule of life is broken the sword is unsheathed and the assumption is that there is an evil worse than war,—that is a peace that must cringe and crouch before infamy and wrong. If the thought of Jesus Christ in armour, wielding

the sword for His army-host, jars the soft consciousness of Christendom, our only reply is that it shall not have been the first time that Jesus Christ jolted the world.

It may not be altogether without profit to read in its modern light John Ruskin's estimate of war in his "Crown of Wild Olive." It is a beautiful setting of peace "fair-hidden yet full confessed" that Ruskin stages for his estimate of war. "War," says Ruskin, "is the foundation of all the lofty faculties of man. Most people who think that peace and virtue flourish together will find the thesis untenable. The Muse of History shows us that peace and vice, peace and selfishness, peace and corruption, flourish together. All great nations were nourished in war and wasted by peace. All great arts come not from an agricultural people but from nations of soldiers. There was never a great art of eloquence or painting or sculpture or architecture that was not based on battle. The greatness of France, England, Spain, arose from streams that ran red with blood of battle and as peace is established and nations become tranquil they become corrupt and need the passion and peril of battle."

Certainly we have no apology to offer for this Prussianism in English pages. Ruskin had a great deal to learn from William James', "Moral Equivalent of War," and a great deal to unlearn from Neitzsche's "Beyond Good and Evil." From the opposite frenzies of pacifism and militarism heaven forfend us! To see Ruskin's philosophy lifted from the printed page and put into chemical realism has been the sad lot of the present melancholy generation. However, one of the moral gifts to the Age as an outcome of the world war and sacrifice shall be an invigorated conception of the Prince of Battles, the Christ who overcomes the world evil with good. If the following pages aid the day's understanding of the militant and triumphant Christ, they are not in vain.

There are white faces in each quiet street,
And signs of trouble meet us everywhere;
The nation's pulse hath an unsteady beat
As news of battle floats upon the air.

God! how this land grows rich in loyal blood
Poured forth from out its breadth and length,
The incense of a people's sacrifice,
The wrested offering of a people's strength.

'Tis the costliest land beneath the sun!
'Tis priceless, purchaseless, and not a rood

But hath its title written clear and signed
In some slain hero's consecrated blood.

And every flower that gems its mellowing soil
Thrives well beneath the holy dew
Of tears that ease a nation's striving heart
When battle-echoes smite it through and through.

WALTER M. HAUSHALTER

New York City
July, 1919.

CONTENTS

PART I

PAGE

THE CHRIST OF BATTLE 19

PART II

THE FALL OF BABYLON AND THE SECOND ADVENT OF CHRIST 45

PART III

ARMAGEDDON 69

PART IV

THE CHRIST OF PEACE 95

PART I

THE CHRIST OF BATTLE

"He that hath no sword, let him sell his garments and buy one." Christ, Luke 22:36.

"The powers that be are ordained of God. Rulers are not a terror to good works, but to the evil. He beareth not the sword in vain; for he is the minister of God to execute wrath upon him that doeth evil." Paul, Romans 13:1-4.

CHRIST LORD OF BATTLES

THE CHRIST OF BATTLE

DURING the past four years many sincere minds have undergone a struggle, pendulum-like in its swing of emotions and torn loyalties, from pacifist to militant Christianity, and back again. At one time we quell before the sublime moral idealism of, "If thine enemy smite thee on the one cheek," and at another time we flash with admiration for a strong hand driving out the money changers from the Temple. In the same breath, we grasp the glaring anomaly of "They that lift the sword shall perish by the sword," and "They that bear the sword, bear it not in vain, for they also are Ministers of God to execute wrath upon the disobedient." Especially have doubtful souls puzzled themselves with the Nineteenth Chapter of Revelation. After the descent

of the Celestial City, comes modulation of movement. The New Jerusalem seems to vanish and in its place are horsemen and the world-wide battlefield of Armageddon. False prophets and wild beasts and the armies of the nations pass in rapid array. The one who leads the battle is called the Word of God. "I, John, saw the heavens opened and a great white horse and He that sat thereon is called Faithful and True. In righteousness doth He judge and make war. And His eyes are a flame of fire and He is arrayed in garments sprinkled with blood, and out of His mouth proceedeth a sharp sword that He should smite the nations. And He treadeth the winepress of the Wrath of God Almighty." Are our fine sensibilities shocked, forsooth, by a Christ at the head of a Cavalcade, and do we show preference for the Quaker-like, meditative Christ with His halo? It is a question that deserves to be neither begged nor baited; it is a "hungry question," as Carlyle says, that deserves to be fed.

One of the greatest of English thinkers, and indeed one of the greatest of all modern thinkers whatsoever, Matthew Arnold, about one-quarter century ago, gave to the world of thought a new

definition of God, a definition that has given philosophic service multiplied thousands of times since. "God is the stream of tendencies not ourselves that makes for righteousness." Supposedly the least that Arnold could have meant by this definition of God was a confidential discernment of the realism of God in human history. The finest historians of ancient or modern times, Heroditus, St. Augustine, Kant, Hegel, Morley, have presupposed a Divinity shaping our ends, rough hew them how we will, a Deity with secret disposition of kings and kingdoms, wars and pestilences—a mighty "stream of tendencies not ourselves that makes for righteousness."

As one takes a look into the common-school-book of history it requires often more violent exercise than a mental somersault to believe this Calvanistic sovereignty of God, God the pilot of the ship. To consider the long ages of darkness and retrogression of the first ten Christian Centuries, or the unutterable miseries inflicted on the seaboard of North Europe by the Norsemen, or the complicated agonies of the feudal wars of marauding barons till Charlemagne, or the state of Europe when the Black Death swept away one-

half her population, or the desolation of Germany in the Thirty Years' War that reduced her population from thirty to twelve millions, or today's "Pentecost of Calamity," as Owen Wister calls it, —Poland, Belgium, Servia, Armenia, the world,— then comes room for wonderment, how shall we redefine this "stream of tendencies not ourselves that makes for righteousness?" For all this blood spilling and heart-burning there must be more than poetic justice and more than Emersonian compensation in the philosophy,

Truth forever on the scaffold, wrong forever on the throne—
Yet that scaffold sways the Future, and behind the dim unknown
Standeth God within the shadow, keeping watch above His own.

But does He any more than "keep watch?" As one looks at the revolving wheel of a wagon, one half the spokes are going forward and one half seem to be going backward. So the trustful hope of the world has been that not alone is there Providence, but a progressive Providence despite all the backward eddies of evil.

There has been no other people in universal history so obsessed with the conviction of God in

history as the Hebrews. Their prophets and law-givers declared the whole great tidal wave of human passions and ends to be determined and controlled, to the point of predestination, by God. From Abraham and Ur of the Chaldees, through the miserable slavery of the hot valley of Egypt, this "stream of tendencies not ourselves" led them to their New Jerusalem. Amos, Hosea, Isaiah, Jeremiah, vindicated God squelching Moab and Ammon and Philistia and Babylon, in the interest of His chosen Israel. Even through the carnage and passion of the siege of Jerusalem and through every complication of disaster and waves and storms of calamity, Israel held fast its profession of faith in God's play and work in history. "Why do the heathen rage and imagine a vain thing! God Jehovah dwelleth in the heavens and laugheth them to scorn!"

Adjust the focus of the historic telescope 35 centuries back. The rise of the God-idea in the creative period of the history of Israel and its growth strides through centuries of twisted and gnarled fortune is a dancing romance and, if it were written up by Chesterton or Shaw, would read with dazzle enough to blind. Look at the

grave and suspended moments of Hebrew history, the high water-marks of wars and battles, if you would see Israel's dominant idea of God. It was not for naught that Israel meant "El-does-battle," and it was not for naught that Israel styled itself after Jehovah-El, its warrior God. The battle-field was the cradle in which the confederation of Israel was nursed, it was the smithy in which it was welded into solidity. In times of peace alas! and too often! the regard of Israel for Jehovah-El became depressingly dormant; but, sound the note of alarm, and the old regard was recalled into awakened and suppliant and militant activity. Especially in Israel's early history note how the tribal God was a Lord God of Battle, with tumultuary signs and wonders, concentrating His power upon the local benefits of His chosen people. Take the hegemony of Sisera that assembled at Kishon and the irretrievable defeat through Deborah and Barach, or take the defeat of the Midianites by Gideon, or the destruction of Jericho by Joshua, or the whole series of half-abortive campaigns from Gilgal to Shiloh by which the Israelites mastered the central plateau of Palestine, or the last mighty achievement of Joshua against the

king of Hazor at Merom (with its object to open up Galilee and the North to conquest), or take the first victories over the girdle of fortified Canaanitish cities from Acco to Bethshean, and the consequent tribute of all the enclaves of Canaan to Israel—all this glorious history afforded the Hebrews a transcendant idealism and a creed of God as the God of Battle and Imperialism.

In times of peace and prosperity the interest of Israel in God sagged like an unused rope. Baal, a kind of new Dionysus, the divinity of harvests, became attractive to the point of peril. Again and again the Philistines from the low-lying plains that skirt Judah, would harass and press the Israelites about Sharon and Dothan. The shame of Israel after her Philistine defeats would lead to revivals of religious feeling of highest exaltation and ecstasy. Religion and patriotism would again be identified, and Jehovah-El, the God of Battles, would be persuaded to new victories.

The latter history of Israel against her greater enemies,—Assyria, Babylon, Egypt—recounts the same pseudo-glorious creed of the Battle-God. True, some of the prophets declared for higher conceptions of God, but they were thanked alas!

with stones. Amos and Jeremiah particularly declared God's leadership of Israel entirely dependent upon Israel's righteous behaviour; but even so, God was declared by the prophets to be God of Battles, and to rule His enemies with a rod of iron.

Take as a test case the military treatment accorded the City of Jericho by the invading Israelites under Joshua. This "City of Fragrance," Jericho, lay in the bloody ground of the Jordan Valley eight hundred feet below the level of the sea. It was a highway for contending armies between Assyria and Egypt, a buffer state like Belgium, to be buffeted between hostile powers. And it came to pass that when the children of Israel came to the Jordan, the morning gate-way into the Promised Land, the waters of Jordan divided and the priests bore the ark of the covenant of Jehovah to the opposite bank on dry land. (There might be room for argument here, as to the idealistic and subjective elements introduced, for the Jordan several times annually sank low enough for travellers to ford. But to hasten the story on, with a fig for disputed points!) And Joshua set up twelve stones at Gilgal and made a sanctuary

and addressed the people saying, "When your children shall ask, what mean these stones at Gilgal, then shall ye say Jehovah dried up Jordan as He did the waters of the Red Sea, that all the earth might know that Jehovah is mighty!" And then Jehovah appeared to Joshua in a vision saying, I will give into thy hand Jericho, and the King thereof, and the mighty men of valour. The story of the grewsome parade of the army of Israel for seven days about Jericho is school-boy romance to everyone. But when one attributes the fall of the City of Jericho to the Divine he must make at least slight room in his calculation for the barbarity of pillage that ensued. It was as bad as the Spanish sacking of Holland, or the German rape of Belgium! And they utterly destroyed the City, men and women, old and young, ox, sheep, and ass, with the edge of the sword. Rahab the harlot alone was spared. And they burned the City, with fire, and all that was within! Alas! did the Kaiser read his Old Testament too much? And how shall we compare Joshua with Attila?

As one looks back over the teeter-totter of history it appears that Judaism approaches to the blood-red ambition of Mahomet. But whatever

may be the faults of Jewish theocracy, it is as accurate as a hair-balance to say that they worshipped a Messiah of Samson-like and David-like qualities who would slay His enemies with a rod of iron. And when urged on by the idealizing power of the soul the Hebrews formulated the Ideal Man of the Golden Age, it was natural for them to picture Him as "glorious in strength," holding for a scepter a rod of iron.

Now Jesus of Nazareth grew up in the atmosphere of these military ideals. He read His Bible and saw the prevalent idea of Messiah, the Warrior God. His mother must have recounted to Him often the glories of Moses slaying three thousand in a day, of Joshua, David, Barak, in the heyday of Israel. Jesus often climbed the hills back of Nazareth to look out over the plains where the armies of the Lord had fought, or to Kishon where Elijah had slain four hundred prophets of Baal. As He looked He beheld the cohorts of Rome, symbol of her power over his own people. And when He went into the Synagogue on the Sabbath, He heard inflamed preachers declaim on the time when a mighty Messiah should crush all Israel's enemies and give her the coveted place in the sun.

But often Jesus, after the carpenter's work of the day was done, would take a quiet walk through the fields, scripture in hand. He would sit down and open to the Fifty-third of Isaiah and read the marvel, "He grew up as a tender plant and as a root out of dry ground. He has no form or comeliness, when we see him, and there is no beauty in him that we should desire him. He was despised and rejected of men, a man of sorrows and acquainted with grief. As one from whom men hide their faces, he was despised and we esteemed him not. Surely he hath borne our griefs and carried our sorrows. Yet we did esteem him stricken, smitten of God and afflicted. But he was wounded for our transgressions, he was bruised for our iniquities, the chastisement of our peace was upon him, and by his stripes we are healed." Jesus would read the passage with wonder and admiration and, like Ernest in Hawthorne's "Great Stone Face," He grew into the likeness of what He admired.

Nature the dear old nurse took a child upon her knee
Saying, "Here is a story book the Father hath written for thee."

"Come wander with me," she said, "into regions yet untrod,
And read what is still unread in the manuscript of God."

So he wandered away and away with Nature the dear old nurse
Who sang to him night and day the hymns of the Universe.

And whenever the way grew long, or his heart began to fail,
She would sing a more marvelous song or tell a more wonderful tale.

If we had journeyed with the army of General Allenby which recently captured the City of Jerusalem, we might profitably have taken a "little journey," as Hubbard calls it, to Nazareth, where Jesus Christ spent much of His life. The town lies in the northern part of Palestine; embosomed among the hills. There lies a little basin of land, about a mile from east to west, and from north to south, narrowing through a deep ravine out and on to the plains of Esdraelon, giving the basin the shape of a pear with a long stem. The hills to the north, east, and south of the basin are depressed and low, but the hills to the west rise abrupt and precipitous. There at the western extremity of the valley, at the foot of the bluffs and cliffs, lies the little town of Nazareth. As one climbs the brow of the hill on which the little town is built, a most enchanting panorama is unrolled, one to awaken and stir the memory of

many sacred pages of Holy Writ. From this high point back of Nazareth one can get a view of Palestine for miles and miles. To the west, looking toward the Mediterranean is Mt. Carmel, beginning to the south of Samaria and extending northwest until it seems to plunge into the sea. As one looks at Mt. Carmel, covered with forests, gleaming in silvery curves, the history of Elijah the Tishbite and his disappearance in a chariot of fire is recalled. Looking a little further, one will see the most beautiful plain of North Palestine watered by the glittering thread of the Kishon, where Elijah slew the false prophets. And, beyond, like ascending stairs, the mountains reach on for sixty miles up to snow-covered Mt. Herman. Or if one returns to the east and southeast there lies the great plain of Esdraelon, with its gentle undulations, its fields of rich corn, its flocks and herds in luxuriant pastures, a granary rich and beautiful for all Palestine. Far away, beyond Mt. Tabor, one can seen the Valley of Jordan, and beyond that the hills that shade off into the Orient. This was the sweet enchantment of nature in which Jesus Christ found His nurture, twenty centuries back!

The hills of purple softness and historic asso-

ciation were, to Him, full of the tender and brooding mercy of God. The language of nature, its imagery and type were to be drawn up into parable of the Kingdom of God. Keepers of vineyards pruning their vines suggested "I am the vine and ye are the branches." Shepherds tending their flocks connoted "I am the Good Shepherd." There in peaceful Nazareth the quickening of Christ's senses and mind found stimulus in the lights and shadows, the fair sunset, the prognostics of a storm at sea, the red sky over Mt. Carmel, the Light of the World coming out of the east. Here He grew in wisdom, stature, and favor with God and man.

Out of this general background and out of succeeding centuries of scholasticism the modern world has gotten a conception of Jesus Christ as pacifist, a practitioner of an Ultra-Tolstoyan Non-Resistance. But when one takes a fair look into the moral background of Christ's religion and into the concrete facts of His life, how is it possible to present either Christ's religion or His life as pacifist?

Paul was writing to a strongly militaristic city when he advised the Roman converts to "be in

subjection to the higher powers, for the powers that be are ordained of God. He beareth not the sword in vain, for He is a minister of God, an avenger for wrath upon them that do evil." And again, "Render to no man evil for evil. If it be *possible,* as much as in you lieth, be at peace with all men. Be not overcome of evil but overcome evil with good." What is the matter, anyhow, with our giving full face value to the doctrine that, "without shedding of blood there is no remission of sin?" Has any sin of slavery or autocracy ever yet been put down in the world without shedding of blood? Why not give face value to the claim of the Eleventh of Hebrews that, "faith put to flight armies of the aliens?" Why discredit Jesus' assertion that, "he that hath not a sword let him sell his garments and go buy one?" Why be so gingerly with the tenth chapter of Matthew? —"Think not that I come to send peace on earth; I come not to send peace but a sword. He that findeth his life shall lose it and he that loseth it for my sake shall find it."

This entire question really hinges on whether Jesus Christ considered physical life, precious as it is, of more value than Principles and Ideals.

His own premature death shows that He did not. And when it came to the violation of ideals and the perpetration of wrongs Jesus was emphatic enough to say that for some men it were better that a millstone were hung about their necks and they dropped into the sea! The duration of life is of small moment, in Christ's conception, compared to the quality and truth of life. Weisman, in discussing natural organisms, points out that the May-fly crowds all its joys and sorrows into five hours; the moth lives three days; a lion lives thirty-five years, the swan 300. The Russian Poet, Pushkin, tells of the fable of the eagle and the vulture. The eagle said, "How do you, a vulture, live to three hundred years and I only to thirty?" "Come with me," said the vulture, and they went to the place where carrion abounded. The eagle concluded he would rather live thirty years on clean meat than three hundred years on carrion.

In the moral conceptions of Christ it does not so much matter how *long* you have lived, but *how*. It is not the Methuselah quantity but the Christ quality. If the dead who died in Europe fought for Christ's ideals, for chivalry and truth, the loss

of physical life is not comparable to the retention of Christ's ideals.

> Then out spake brave Horatius,
> The Captain of the gate;
> To every man upon this earth
> Death cometh soon or late;
> And how can man die better
> Than facing fearful odds,
> For the ashes of his fathers
> And the temples of his gods.

The conventional interpretation of the Mystic Christ drew an unusual supply of refreshment from the Sermon on the Mount, the reputed doctrine of Non-Resistance to Evil. It is a doctrine that deserves the deepest historical and philosophical understanding for it approaches close to the blood supply of Christianity.

To establish complete and final terms with this doctrine of Non-Resistance, what philosophically does it mean? It is here that we must consent to Tolstoy's textual literalism and go him one better. "Resist not *him* that is evil." The text is no denial of the right to resist moral evil, but "do not show personal antagonism to *him* that is evil." On the contrary, the highest religion in the world urges us to "resist the devil," and he will flee, to overcome evil with good. Resist the curse of na-

tional intemperance, but be kind enough to the bartenders to invite them to church; resist Southern slavery, but win the slaveholders to higher ideals of liberty; resist Prussianism, but have enough moral concern for the German people to hold up to them the hope of democracy and recovery from moral debacle; in a word, keep your soul unsoiled from bitterness to the personal agent of evil and at the same time show unrelenting anger against the evil itself. "Be ye angry and sin not, let not the sun go down upon your wrath."

Take the world's test case of Belgium, and her resistance to German aggression. The chastisement of the peace of Europe is upon Belgium, which has grown up as a tender plant and as a root out of dry ground. Surely Belgium has borne the sorrows and griefs of Europe, was wounded for the whole world's transgressions, was led as a lamb to the slaughter, was crucified for sins not her own. Belgium was caught between the devil and the deep sea and forced to make herself the battleground for the most wasteful war of history.

"Why should Belgium suffer? She had no European grievances or ambitions, no stake in the Balkans, no dread of Russia, no quarrel with Eng-

land, France, or Germany. It may be asserted that Germany or Russia or Austria or England willed this war, but certainly not Belgium." Here indeed is the modern figure of the Fifty-third of Isaiah, lifted up on its cross for the sins of two powerful coalitions. "As sorrowful, yet always rejoicing; as poor, yet making many rich; as dying and behold she lives; as chastened and yet not killed."

Should Belgium have shown Non-Resistance? She did! "Resist not *him* that is evil." Belgium has resisted evil as she had divine right to do; but her heart is still big enough to "love enemies, do good to them that despitefully use her." Whom the Lord loveth He chasteneth, and the Allies love Germany so devotedly today that they are, for Belgium's sake and for creation's sake, going to chasten out of her every last drop of militaristic, lustful blood. "A God all mercy is a God unjust."

Dr. Shelton has a rebuke to "spineless pacifists:"

> God has His use to make of angry men
> Like Moses in the cruel Pharaoh land,
> Slew the Egyptian in a rage, and then
> Buried his body in the desert sand.

And out of anger for a brother's wrong
Grew a great nation and a mighty throne;
And out of weakness championed by the strong
Israel from bondage came into his own.

God give us angry men in every age,
Men with indignant souls at sight of wrong,
Men whose whole being glows with righteous rage,
Men who are strong for those who need the strong.

When President Wilson early in the war asked for peace without victory, many thought him indoctrinated with Tolstoy. But read Woodrow Wilson's message to Congress of December, 1917. "Our present and immediate task is to win the war and nothing shall turn us aside from it until it is accomplished." If these downright words had not been enough, consider Wilson's Baltimore speech, on acceptance of the challenge of the Kaiser for a fight to the finish. "Our answer to the German challenge will be sheer force, force to the utmost, force without stint or limit, the righteous and triumphant force that shall cast every selfishness down into dust."

Is it indeed a far cry to quote the Nineteenth Chapter of Revelation? "I saw the heavens opened; and behold, a white horse, and he that sat thereon called Faithful and True; and in right-

eousness he doth judge and make war. And his eyes are as a flame of fire, and he is arrayed in a garment sprinkled with blood; and his name is called the Word of God."

It must be true, if truth is at all in reach, that God's presence is all in all. In Him we live and move and have our being, and He is not gone on a long journey. If we take the wings of the morning and fly to the battle-trenches of Europe He is there. That God battles in the field of human intelligence, in the realm of heart and soul, in *Spiritual* issues of Good against Evil, is indeed the hope of the world. And *that* battle is as fierce now as when Abraham fought it on the fields of Mamre, or when the hermits struggled in the monasteries. With all our advance of material science we have done naught to lessen but only perhaps to increase the forces of that conflict with evil. Phillips Brooks declares that in this spiritual conflict the life of God Himself is at stake. "God struggles with the enemy and is able to subdue him only in agony of strife. I do not know," says Brooks, "what are the depths of the mystery, but I know that evil is a horrible thing and that Divinity itself grapples with and subdues it only in pain.

What pain may mean to Infinity, we do not know, but the symbol of God's struggle is blood, and without the shedding of blood there is no remission of evil."

About five miles to the south-east of Jerusalem is the little town of Bethlehem, Beth Lahm,—famous in legend and history. The name, House of Bread, is significant of the fertility of the valleys near by, which abound in grain, olives, figs, and grapes. Since the birth of Jesus Christ in Bethlehem the place has forever been redeemed from obscurity and it is now one of the great pilgrim-shrines of the world. There stands the oldest church structure in Christendom, the Church of the Nativity, supposedly built by Constantine. In the grotto nearby are lighted candles and costly gifts. A silver star is set in the floor of the crypt, around which are the words, in Latin, "Here was born of the Virgin Mary, Jesus Christ." Pilgrims from all parts of the world have found great satisfaction in visiting the shrine. The reason for the greatness of the little town is to be found in the early pages of Matthew. "When Jesus was born in Bethlehem of Judea, in the days of Herod the King, behold wise men from the East.—For it is

written, Thou Bethlehem of Judea art in no wise least among the thousands of Judah, for out of thee shall come one who is to be ruler of Israel.—And He shall be our Peace."

Today, about sixty miles north of Philadelphia in American stands another town of Bethlehem. The city was founded in 1742 by a most pious and godly people, the Moravian Brethren. By some trick of history the American Bethlehem has become the centre for the manufacture of shot and shrapnel for fighting the modern Armageddon! The manifest of American ships would reveal the tons and tons of projectile for Europe's battlefields. But in the great perspective of God's Providence, in the mighty sweep of His history, it shall be found that the two Bethlehems were serving the same purpose—that of giving the spirit of Christ hospitable breathing space on our planet. The Christ of Peace is also, when need be, the Lord of Battles.

Mine eyes have seen the glory of the coming of the Lord;
He is tramping out the vintage where the grapes of wrath are stored;
He is loosing the fateful lightning of His terrible swift sword;
His truth is marching on.

I have seen Him in the watchfires of a hundred circling
camps;
They have builded Him an altar in the evening dews and
damps;
I can read His righteous sentence by the dim and flaring
lamps;
His day is marching on.

He has sounded forth the trumpet that never calls re-
treat;
He is sifting out the souls of men before His judgment
seat;
Oh! be swift my soul to answer Him! Be jubilant my
feet!
Our God is marching on.

In the beauty of the lilies Christ was born across the sea
With a glory in His bosom that transfigures you and me,
As He died to make men holy, let us die to make men
free
While God is marching on.

PART II

THE FALL OF BABYLON AND THE SECOND ADVENT OF CHRIST

"The Kingdom of Heaven is likened unto a man which sowed good seed in his field. But while men slept, his enemy came and sowed tares among the wheat. When the blade was sprung up and brought forth fruit, then appeared the tares also. The servants said, Wilt thou that we go and gather them up? But he said, Nay; lest while ye gather up the tares, ye root up the wheat also. Let both grow together until the harvest; and in the time of harvest I will say to the reapers, gather ye together first the tares, and bind them in bundles to burn them. But gather the wheat into my barns." Jesus, Matthew, 13:24-30.

"In the latter days there shall be wars and rumors of wars and nation shall rise against nation. Then shall they see the Son of Man coming on the clouds of heaven with glory and power." Jesus, Mark 13.

THE FALL OF BABYLON AND THE SECOND ADVENT OF CHRIST

WITH the entrance of America into the convulsions of world conflict there came a great revival of printed interest in the ancient Hebrew Book of Isaiah, with its interpretations of war and peace. Israel Zangwill with his "The War God" and "The Next Religion" has proved the modern Isaiah of our troubled days and turned our eyes to the Isaiah of old. The situations of Isaiah were given birth in the latter half of the Eighth Century B. C. Under two powerful and good monarchs, Uzziah and Jotham, the Kingdom of Judah enjoyed the greatest prosperity for the space of a half century. Although Judah then was but a little state the size of two or three Scottish Counties, yet King Uzziah strengthened its borders, increased its supremacy and resources. He won the port of Elath on the Red Sea, built up a navy, and extended commerce with the far East. So with wealth pouring in from tribute and com-

merce Uzziah fortified the capitol and borders of his little principality, undertook great works of irrigation, and organized a powerful standing army. Uzziah's son Jotham continued his father's successes, built cities and castles, quelled rebellions and caused riches to flow like a stream into Jerusalem. But in 735 B. C. Jotham died and Ahaz became King. Ahaz stepped from the harem to the throne and brought a mass of ruin on Judah. There the prophecies of Isaiah begin.

For the period of fifty years, from his watch tower in Jerusalem, Isaiah employs all his statesmanship and prophetic voice and anguish of soul for Judah. In those trying days of Judah's prosperity her worship degenerated into idolatry and her morals were corrupted. Isaiah predicted some terrible calamity! Surely God Jehovah would afflict them for their iniquities! True to prediction the trouble fell. In half a century there were four successive invasions of Judah—from Babylon or Assyria, from Tiglath-Pileser or Sargon or Sennacherib. What it cost Isaiah to utter those prophecies we can only partially measure. To blind patriotism Isaiah was for a time counted heretic or traitor to declare that the city of David

and the ark of the Lord should be brought to desolation!

It will especially repay pains to read the early chapters of Isaiah which Ewald calls the "Great Judgment." A better title could hardly be proposed. Isaiah says with all boldness and with the cynicism of a socialistic soap-box orator that the Jews had despised the Holy One of Israel, that Jerusalem had become as Sodom and Gomorrah. Isaiah is radical; he cares not a fig for the fact that Temple services were maintained with regularity and splendour. All this was disallowed by the prophet and he pointed out that no costly or elaborate ritual could take the place of sincerity of heart and purpose. "I delight not in burnt offerings or in blood of lambs or oblations or incense—but wash you, make you clean, relieve the oppressed," saith Jehovah. The long period of prosperity under Uzziah and Jotham had blinded the nation and the Prophet Isaiah pulls the curtain aside to reveal the sin without concealment or disguise. Then Isaiah announces a severe discipline that shall purge Judah of her sins and give a change of heart. "For in the day of Jehovah, all that is proud and haughty shall be brought

low, all the cedars of Lebanon and the high towers of Judah and the pleasant imagery and idols, and all flesh shall be brought low and Jehovah alone shall be exalted."

Victor Hugo has a fine passage of comment on the Second of Isaiah: "The mind returns to its sins as the sea returns to the shore; the sailor calls it the tide, the guilty call it remorse. So God upheaves the soul like the ocean." But from this tide of condemnation, Isaiah gives vision after vision of possibility which the world is still striving to attain. "In the latter days it shall come to pass that Jehovah's House shall be established upon the mountains and all people shall flow into it. For out of Zion shall go forth the law and Jehovah shall judge between the nations. And they shall beat their swords into ploughshares and their spears into pruning hooks. Neither shall they learn to make war any more forever." Our modern world seems to have gone the bitter old road step by step that Judah walked in the Eighth Century B. C. The world has grown over-rich and pagan and idolatrous, and the judgment of affliction is heavy indeed.

We are concerned particularly now with Isaiah's

prophecy of the Fall of Babylon. From Genesis to Revelation there is one city which in fact and symbol is execrated as the enemy of God and the stronghold of evil; it is Babylon. In the tenth chapter of Genesis the wicked people of Babel or Babylon, filled with Satanic pride, try to build their tower to heaven. Jehovah calls down upon it confusion and there God confounded all the races and languages of the earth. Throughout all Hebrew history the prophets cursed Babel as the oppressor of God's people, the tempter of the nations, the mother of harlots, full of all cruelty and wantonness. But the main count held by the Jews against Babylon was that in 586 B. C. Jerusalem was besieged and there followed the great Babylonian captivity. Nothing more momentous ever befell the fortunes of Israel. Hundreds of thousands of Jews went over the highway of slavery to Babylon. The sufferings of God's people in Babylon pierce the ears from the songs of David and Solomon.

It is worth while to look at the city. In Isaiah's day Babylon was the chiefest commercial city of the world, the centre of commerce from India, Africa, Arabia. Down the

Tigris and Euphrates rafts brought the riches of Armenia; over the seas ships brought cargoes from India and Egypt; over the sands caravans brought the riches of the world. The monarch of Babylon who carried the Jews into captivity, Nebuchadnezzar, was the chief soldier of the world, a kind of Kaiser of his day.

In Babylon the captive Jews slaved at works of irrigation, ramparts of defence, pyramids and monuments, buildings so lavish and colossal that the hanging gardens of Babylon were accounted one of the seven wonders of the ancient world. In the fourteenth chapter, Isaiah directs his fire against Babylon. "Lift up your voices and lament! All hands of Babylon shall be feeble and every heart shall melt and they shall be dismayed, and pangs of sorrow shall take hold of them as of a woman in travail. Jehovah shall make the heavens to tremble and the earth shall be shaken out of her place. The stars shall not give their light and the sun and the moon shall be darkened. Their infants shall be dashed in pieces and their houses shall be rifled and their women despoiled. And Babylon shall be as when God overthrew Sodom and Gomorrah."

Read also, along with Isaiah, if you can endure the absolute thunder of its language, the eighteenth Chapter of Revelation. "I, John, heard an angel of God crying, Behold, Babylon is fallen and become the habitation of demons. In one day she shall be utterly burned with fire. And the Kings of the earth who committed evil in Babylon shall be destroyed. Babylon's riches are made desolate. Rejoice, ye saints, for God hath judged her. And I saw an angel take up a millstone and cast it into the sea saying, So is the fall of Babylon that shall be no more forever."

There is one more passage to be associated with the prophecy of Isaiah and Revelation; it is from the thirteenth Chapter of Mark. Jesus gives a prophecy of His second advent. "In those days the sun and the moon shall be darkened and nation shall rise against nation and there shall be wars and rumors of wars. And they shall see the Son of Man coming on the clouds of the heavens with glory and power."

In the closing months of 1917 a notable circle of Christian leaders and ministers in England issued a statement to the English Churches concerning the Second Advent of Christ. The communi-

cation was copied by papers in all parts of the world. "The present world-war and world-crisis," they argued, "point unmistakably to the end of the world. That the revelation of our Lord may be expected at any moment, to reign in glory over all flesh and that the completed church will be translated forever with the Lord." Today, in a thousand places and ways this cataclysmic second coming of Christ is set forth with great zeal and unction. With a certain caste of mind the Millennial Hope is made the essence of Christian truth. Its devotees and doctrinaires systematically back the creed with financial resources. The speedy end of the Age is here, they declare.

A clear and unmistakable definition of the creed is given by one of its advocates. "Millennialism is the creed that Christ will come again visibly, to resurrect the saints and reign upon the earth for a thousand years. At the close of the first thousand years the unsainted dead shall be raised. All shall then be judged, the good admitted to Heaven and the bad to Hell. The physical Universe shall then collapse and come to an end."

It is interesting to look into the variegated history of the doctrine of the Second Coming of

Christ. In the early years of the Apostolic age, doubtless many Christians cherished the idea of Jesus' speedy coming. Ignatius of Antioch and Polycarp of Smyrna clung to the belief; but they died martyr deaths and no visible Christ came. Justin of Rome and Irenius of Lyons taught that Christ would come and rebuild Jerusalem and make it the capital of His Kingdom. But the creed came to grief on the hard rocks of fact; He came not. During the Fourth Century, when the world was in a state of coma and pause, when Christianity became the accepted religion of the Roman Empire, there was no longer a practical motive in preaching the speedy Advent. St. Augustine so effectively put a quietus on the agitation that it slumbered for several centuries. But with 1000 A. D., and the Crusades, the hope was fanned into a flame again. Then at the time of the Reformation the creed absolutely blazed. Rome was called the great Babylon. When John Huss was martyred in Bohemia the Taborites selected five cities as havens of refuge where they assembled in passion of religious frenzy to be caught up in the air by the visible Christ.

Coming to Cromwell's time in England, the

movement known as the Fifth Monarchy stirred up two insurrections. Ann Lee came to America! Shaker settlements were formed looking to the last days and the miraculous advent of the Lord of Glory. So we might run on to the incentives supplied by the French Revolution to the Millennial Hope, or to the Irvingites who fixed the date of appearance at 1864. Joseph Smith's city of Zion in Utah, William Miller, Pastor Russell—so the prophets run.

The theme demands a large amount of patience and tolerance. As the "Higher Criticism" of Foss has it:

> And where is Heaven? And where is Hell? In some vague distance dim?
> No! they are here and now, in you, in me, in him.
> When is the judgment Day to dawn? Its true date who can say?
> Look at your calendar and see what day it is today.

The Sixteenth Chapter of Revelation describes a tremendous world upheaval and conflict, and its solemn and impressive vision of God's wrath in the Seven Bowls is enough to make one apply it to the present world disaster. The word Armageddon means literally the "mountain of battle" and has reference to the famous battlefield of Megido

where, fifteen centuries B. C., an Egyptian King had defeated the confederated Princes of Palestine. At Megido Joshua fought seven battles and there Barak gained a victory over the Canaanites, and there Joshua lost his life in battle against Pharaoh. There at Megido in later centuries Napoleon with an army of 4,000 men defeated the Mohammedans with 35,000.

But the Armageddon of Revelation refers to the great World Battle in which the forces of good and evil engage to the bitter end. Do we have here any prediction of the World crisis; what warrant is there for believing its "666" is cypher of Napoleon or the Kaiser?

A thorough survey of the New Testament will afford four possible interpretations of the Second Advent, any one or all four of them thoroughly acceptable and consistent.

Many words of Christ lead one to believe He referred to His resurrection as the Second Advent. "Verily I say unto you, this generation shall not pass away till all these things be fulfilled." "Verily there be some of you standing here who shall not taste of death till they see the Son of Man coming in His Kingdom."

Still another interpretation can fix upon Pentecost and the descent of the Spirit as the Second Advent. "It is expedient for you that I go away, for if I go not away the Holy Spirit will not come; and He, when He is come, will lead you into all truth."

A third interpretation is the cataclysmic one already presented. Figurative language can be read literally and the visible Christ announced.

A fourth interpretation is still open to us. It is John's picture in Revelation, the descent upon the earth of a new city, the New Jerusalem, wherein dwelleth righteousness. This New City shall evangelize into purity all our standards of life, redeeming to God every dark spot of the planet, filling every soul with His spirit, making all heathen to show forth the excellencies of Christ. In a word it is the transformation of all education, industry, government, social life, until every knee shall bow and every tongue confess that Christ is Lord to the glory of God the Father. The Kingdoms of this world then shall become the Kingdoms of Christ, and the knowledge of Him shall cover the earth as the waters cover the sea. The wilderness and the solitary place shall

be made glad and blossom as the rose. Christ is coming a Second, a Third, a Fourth time in the grand, unfolding panorama of Evolution! He comes! He comes!

> It will come! It will come! as the day comes
> When the night is done,
> And the silver streak on the ocean's cheek
> Grows into the mighty sun.

Jesus Christ has Himself given the best interpretation to His Second Advent in His parable of The Harvest, in the Thirteenth Chapter of Matthew. "The Kingdom of God is likened unto a man which sowed good seed in his fields. But while he slept the enemy came and sowed tares among the wheat and went his way. But when the blade was sprung up and brought forth fruit, then appeared the tares also. So the servant of the householder came and said, Sir, didst not thou sow good seed in the field? From whence hath it tares? The master said, An enemy hath done this. And the servant said, Wilt thou that we go and gather the tares? But the master said, Nay, lest when ye gather up the tares, ye root up the wheat also. Let both grow together until the harvest, and in the time of harvest I will

say to the reapers, Gather together the tares and burn them, but gather the wheat into my barns."

When the theory of Evolution first appeared from the pens of Darwin and Huxley and Spencer it was proclaimed that the human race advances by a slow and gradual spiral. But under the pens of Eucken and Bergson and the latter-day evolutionists we are led to believe that evolution takes place in cycles or crises, like the cycles or crises of the harvest described in Jesus' parable. The development of the world from Moses to David, from Plato to Christ, from Constantine to the Reformation, from the French Revolution to the present day has been in progressive crises, like the crises of planting and harvest.

In each of these ages the Son of Man went forth and sowed good seed. In periods of decadence evil seed was sown. Both grew together until a great time of harvest. Then of a sudden, in some great harvest of judgment, a Reformation, a Frech Revolution, an American Revolution, God sent forth His angels to the harvest. God's judgments were terrible at those Armageddons—a burning of tares with wailing and gnashing of teeth. But the grain was always gathered into the granary and the race went on richer.

Who can estimate the agony of those great crises of the world when Jesus sits on the throne dividing the nations into sheep and goats. The struggle in Holland under William the Silent against the tyranny of Philip II of Spain! But it ended in pulling up the tares of despotism and reaping the harvest of liberty. The struggle of Alfred the Great in England, the upstriving of Garibaldi and Mazzini in Italy, the agonies of Kossuth in Hungary, the strife of Washington in America, the pleading of Kosciusko in Poland, the idealism of Lafayette in France, the prayers of Lincoln in America—all are to us symbols of this age-long struggle to plant the good seed of Christian Democracy, to uproot the tares of despotism, and to bring the grain of liberty into the barns of constitutional government.

These great crises are days of the coming of the Lord. "Mine eyes have seen the glory of the coming of the Lord." Babylon of despotism is destroyed and the Spirit of God given able room to breathe upon the world again.

"Behold I come quickly!"

Since the Council of Vienna of 1814 the world has gone through another crisis. Evil tares of militarism have been sown; Babylon has raised

its tower in Central Europe—and Christ sent forth terrible reapers for four years to pull up the tares and conserve the wheat. The conflict has wearied the world for four terrible years. But faith or morale won. The Allies had a morale that was built upon Jesus' philosophy of the harvest—and at last it was morale that won.

Morale is a tremendous mouthful, a word of nitroglycerine dynamic, a "weasel-word," in Roosevelt's happy phrase, that has the "power to suck blood," and *morale* as a present and future asset deserves to be understood to the limit of our ability to understand. The word has found utterance on every lip, but its significance, like the significance of ether or electricity, is not yet comprehended. Morale is a hard thing to define, for so many physical, moral, psychical elements enter into its composition—nerve, dash, courage, enthusiasm, discipline, cohesion, faith. It was morale that made Cromwell's men so invincible; it was morale that held Washington's men together seven years till Yorktown; it was morale that made Gideon's band of three hundred overcome the Philistines. And what shall we say more, for time would fail to tell of Barak, Sam-

son, David, Samuel, who through *morale* subdued kingdoms, wrought righteousness, stopped the mouths of lions, quenched the power of fire, escaped the edge of the sword, from weakness were made strong, waxed mighty in war, turned to flight armies of the aliens. *Morale*, said Napoleon, is to all other things as four is to one. When German *morale* broke in November, 1918, Germany fell like Lucifer from heaven. On November 11, 1918, took place one of the most sensational and dramatic episodes since the Creation. Only a week or two before the best strategists declared German determination and resources capable of another year or two of war. Then came the great debacle and the parlour strategists are still unable to compass the magnitude of it. Estimating guns, gases, men, aeroplanes with impressive mathematical exactitude, they figured that Germany could endure until the summer of 1919. But this estimate forgot the psychic thing called *morale*. It was the break-up of German morale and the triumph of Allied morale that set the clock of victory forward a year. This is the victory that overcometh the world, even our *morale*.

Every true advocate of Democracy will do well to learn in his heart Lincoln's Gettysburg speech:

"Fourscore and seven years ago our fathers brought forth on this continent a new nation, conceived in liberty and dedicated to the proposition that all men are created equal. We are engaged in a great Civil War to test whether that nation or any nation so conceived and so dedicated can long endure. We are met on a great battle-field of that war. We have come to dedicate a portion of that battle-field as a final resting place for those who here gave their lives that that nation might live. It is altogether fitting and proper that we should do this. But in a larger sense we cannot dedicate, we cannot hallow, we cannot consecrate this ground. The brave men, living and dead, who struggled here have consecrated it far above our power to add or detract. The world will little note nor long remember what we say here, but it will never forget what they did here. It is for us the living, rather, to be dedicated to the unfinished work which they who so nobly fought here have thus far so nobly advanced. It is rather for us to be here dedicated to the great task remaining before us, that from these

honored dead we take increased devotion to that cause for which they gave the last full measure of devotion; that we here highly resolve that these dead shall not have died in vain; that this nation, under God, shall have a new birth of freedom; and that this government, of the people, by the people, and for the people, shall not perish from the earth."

America's purpose in entering the conflict was the most Idealistic recorded in history—the triumph of the Abe Lincoln idea over the Julius Cæsar idea, the elevation of Democracy over Autocracy. We entered this war to see if a nation so conceived could long endure. We are now met on the greatest battle-field of that war. In the largest sense we cannot hallow, we cannot dedicate, we cannot consecrate that ground. The brave men, living and dead, who fought there have consecrated it far above our ability to add or detract. It rather remains to us, the living, to dedicate ourselves to the great task remaining before us, that from these honored dead we take increased devotion to that cause for which they gave the last full measure of devotion. Under God let us highly resolve that these dead shall

not have died in vain—that this government of the people, by the people, for the people shall not perish from the earth.

In the Fifth Chapter of John is recorded the story of Jesus' healing of the lame man at the Pool of Bethesda. In Jesus' day there stood above the Temple a great Fortress, built by Herod, and called Antonia. A deep ditch built at one side had filled with water and was called the Pool of Bethesda. Sick people from all over Palestine came to wash in it, for they thought it possessed miraculous powers of healing. There was something unique about the waters of it—they were intermittent because of some strange geology of the rocks. At the moment when the waters gushed forth the blind, halt, or diseased would get down into the pool, and he who was first washed would be healed.

"And there was a multitude of the halt and lame at the Pool of Bethesda. And there was one man having an infirmity of thirty and eight years. And Jesus, when he saw him, knew how long he had been that way and said, Woulds't thou be made whole? And he replied, Sir, there is no man when the waters are troubled to

help me down into them, or when I go down, another cometh before me. Jesus said, Take up your bed and walk."

"The world has been living four years under the fortress of Europe, in its great Armageddon. The waters of life have been deeply troubled. God never meant the divine moment of the troubled waters to pass without their healing. From this great Armageddon of troubled waters Christ is speaking to the lame, blinded world. Take up thy bed and walk.

But Babylon has fallen; it is time for the New Jerusalem now to arise and triumph! No restraint these days is placed upon the Cosmic Urge and Evolution is not hibernating. And unless we apprehend Christ as Victor at Armageddon, its triumph must be called only a toy to keep satisfied those who are robbed of their birthright from God!

PART III

ARMAGEDDON

"The spirits of devils go forth unto the Kings of the earth and of the whole world, to gather them to the battle of the great Day of God Almighty. And He gathered them together into a place called in the Hebrew tongue Armageddon." Revelation, 16:14-16.

"And I saw heaven opened, and behold a white horse; and he that sat thereon was called Faithful and True, and in righteousness he doth judge and make war. And he is clothed with a vesture dipped in blood; and his name is called the Word of God. And out of his mouth goeth a sharp sword, that with it he should smite the nations; and he shall rule them with a rod of iron. And he treadeth the winepress of the fierceness and wrath of Almighty God." Revelation 19:11-15.

"ARMAGEDDON"

THE concluding Book of the canon of the New Testament has been named the Book of Revelation, but the judgment of the average man concludes that it might more fittingly have been named the Book of Mystery or the Book of Mystification. It is not strange, however, that the final volume of our Bible should prove difficult to understand, for it belongs to a type of literature that has no counterpart outside the ancient Jewish Book of Daniel. The Revelation of John is called an Apocalypse because it is supposed to unveil mysteries and to disclose secrets only to those who possess a mystical key of interpretation. But the Apocalypse, properly understood, was a treatise written to stimulate faith and hope and courage in a day of trouble and tribulation.

The world circumstances in which the Christian Churches found themselves in the latter half of the First Century, were pathetic, and dangerous, too. A new faith of such presumptions as Chris-

tianity might expect to encounter persecution, of course. In the days of Paul the persecution was chiefly from Jewish sources and Paul himself suffered much from Jewish zealots. But during all those Jewish persecutions, the Roman Empire, strange to relate, was protector of the infant religion. It was to Cæsar that Paul made his appeal and as a Roman citizen he went to Rome for his trial. So, when in those early years Jewish fanatics attempted to create disturbance and riot against the Jesus-cult, the power of Rome was invoked to quell the disorder, and the Disciples were given protection and immunity.

But toward the end of the First Century, especially in the reigns of Nero and Domitian, the wind veered and the attitude of the Roman Government became one of opposition and oppression. When the Roman Emperors—Nero, Caligula, Tiberius, Claudius—pressed the demand that everyone in the Empire should worship them as gods, it was a direct challenge to the Christian Church. And when the Christians refused divine honors to the ruling powers of Rome, they were subject to every form of suspicion and espionage, of shame and cruelty. In such extremi-

ties as these, there was apparently no help for the followers of Christ except in supernatural power, and interference from Heaven. When the simple truth could not triumph through preaching and ministry, when the rough, brutal world would crush grace and spirituality in their swaddling clothes, then the Christian recourse was to believe that the Arm of Omnipotence would be bared to smite down the wickedness of Rome, and to give Triumph to Jesus Christ.

Suppose for a moment that in the present world strife, the nations in it had been confined to Belgium and Germany. Germany, arrogant and insolent, sweeping down in military strength on helpless Belgium and proceeding to all the horrors of outrage and cruelty. Suppose Belgium standing quite alone with no benevolent protectors, as did the Christians of that bloody First Century. Without any hope of deliverance, might not Belgium have looked upward to Heaven and pleaded for some divine chastisement to fall on Germany? And if Belgium had then put her sufferings and despairing hopes into literary form, she might have produced such a book as Revelation. Or take the unhappy Armenians with no army of de-

fence, with no strong defenders to avenge their wrongs. In their despair and trouble and sorrow, would not they have written a kind of Apocalyptic Book of Revelation? Its pages would breathe with just such anguish-laden prayers for the speedy coming of the Great Vindicator, the All-Mighty God to protect and preserve His saints.

The Book of Revelation is just such a cry for sudden and overwhelming aid in the time of trouble and tribulation. In the fiery days of A. D. 97, when the Emperor Domitian was conducting his widespread persecution of the Christians, a certain John, presumably the Apostle John, took refuge on the Isle of Patmos, on the Ægean Sea. There John had a series of visions. The great message of the Book of Revelation is the Triumphant coming of the Christ. That Jesus who in the "days of His flesh," had gone about in Palestine in barefoot humility was now to come clothed in the power of Heaven, to be enthroned the Lord of the Universe. This was the divine disclosure, the great Revelation—Christ was to be King of Kings and Lord of Lords and the Kingdoms of this world were to become the Kingdoms of our Lord and His Christ. It was not

in some far-off future; "behold the time is at hand."

Perhaps no other country in the world has been the centre and radiating source of so much religious influence as Asia Minor and Palestine. That small neck of country reaching from Egypt to Constantinople was the spot from which Judaism, Mohammedanism, and Christianity have radiated their subtle and persuasive influences into the world. And along with Mecca and Jerusalem the geographer of religion will associate Ephesus of Ionia. The city of Ephesus has done more than any mathematics can calculate to shape the plastic mind of the world into its finest moulds, for out of Ephesus came Homer's Iliad and John's Revelation.

In Ephesus John is known to have passed the latter years of his ministry. Already when John came to Ionia, Christianity had found strong foothold there and seven strong churches were flinging their light into the surrounding darkness. Christianity had already broken the shell of the Jewish religion and had thrown itself upon the Gentile world to redeem it. The Church had a hard time to guard its purity from the aggressive

coil of the world in which it lived. The Apostle John was called to Ephesus just at this time when the Roman persecutions and the pagan vices were both threatening to engulf the Church. It was a situation the most fearful and critical in the history of that perturbed and confused First Century. Look at the Book of Revelation then as a message directed at one of the most perilous conjunctures of history.

The lurid pictures of the Sixteenth and Nineteenth Chapters of Revelation are worth rehearsal word for word. "I, John, saw the Heavens opened and a great white horse, and he that sat thereon is called Faithful and True. In righteousness doth he judge and make war. And his eyes are a flame of fire, and he is arrayed in garments sprinkled with blood. And his name is called the Word of God. And out of his mouth proceedeth a sharp sword that he should smite the nations, and he shall rule them with a rod of iron. And he treadeth the winepress of the wrath of God Almighty." "Spirits of demons go forth unto the kings of the whole world to gather them together unto the war of the great day of God. And they gathered them together into the place which is called in Hebrew Armageddon."

This dramatic and stirring account of the Christ of war, the Christ of Armageddon, may arouse a just query as to the real nature of Christ's office in the world. Does His Kingdom progress by "Blood and Iron?" A fair statement should be given to the query from men who speak from experience. Franklin had it, "There never was a good war nor a bad peace." And Jefferson, "I view war as the greatest scourge of mankind." Jean Jacques is quoted: "War is the foulest fiend ever vomited from the jaws of hell." Napoleon himself avowed, "The more I study the world, the more I am convinced of the inability of force to create anything durable." Everyone knows what Sherman thought of war. General Sir Charles Napier has best summed up the contention: "To me, military life is like dancing up a long room with a mirror at the end, against which we cut our faces—and so the deception ends." Little Peterkin has a way of putting a poser to the apologist for war:

> But what good came of it at last?
> Quoth little Peterkin,
> Why, that I can not tell, said he,
> But 'twas a famous victory.

But from Moses and Aristotle to the present

day apologists have shown that war develops a chivalric and righteous world and has its sure part in the spiritual and moral economy and order of God. It is a paradox that proves more than swank.

Every student of history must be familiar with that episode of the Sixteenth Century connected with Mary Queen of Scots, the episode of the Spanish Armada. When Mary Queen of Scots bequeathed to Philip II of Spain her rights to the English throne, the cause of religious progress and Anglo-Saxon democracy was imperiled. Great fleets of vessels were gathered in the harbours of Spain. At last, 130 vessels, the greatest naval armament that had ever appeared upon the Atlantic, set sail from Lisbon for the English Channel. A fever of excitement swept England, but never did any people more splendidly rise to the defence of their native land from the invader. In July of 1588 the Armada was first sighted off the English coast. It swept up the channel in the form of a great crescent, seven miles from tip to tip. The English ships that opposed were only 80. But Admiral Drake sent fire ships to terrorize them. The Spaniards sailed north around

the British Isles. The fierce storms of the northern seas dashed many of the Armada upon the Scottish and Irish coasts. When intelligence of the great disaster came to King Philip of Spain, he said, "God's will be done; I sent my fleet to fight against England, not against the elements." This great victory of the Anglo-Saxon over despotic Spain was as important to God's redemptive purpose in History as the defeat of the Turks at Tours. The victory marked the rise of a new democratic state, and it marked the turning point in the great duel for freedom of religious thought and worship. It insured the future of Protestantism to the world. Are we to conclude that the Armada episode, in its results to the world, has no part in God's economy?

A great American has recently designated the world-war a "Holy War," and one is led to wonder what can possibly be meant by a "Holy War." Take the wars of Cromwell anent. Shall we call them "Holy Wars?" Cromwell's men were men of religion, with no swearing, drinking or vice known among them. They were a body of Bible-reading, God-fearing, praying men, advancing to battle singing Psalms. The battle of Naseby in

which Cromwell's enemies were irretrievably beaten, he ascribed to God. King Charles was tried and executed as traitor, tyrant, and enemy to the public good of the nation, and Cromwell was made Lord High Protector of England. In the wars with Scotland and Holland, Cromwell at the famous battle of Dunbar of 1651 met enemies twice his number and the fanatical Ironsides drove them like chaff before the wind. In Cromwell's Parliament every member was a religious zealot who spent much of his time in Scripture exegesis, prayer and exhortation. Fighting for Protestant Huguenots in France, warning the Papacy to beware the sound of English guns in the Vatican, wrestling for hours in prayer before battle, Cromwell in his entire régime was given over to the Idealism of the conduct of a "Holy War."

Or what shall we say of the Crusades of the Middle Ages, when Christians took the sword of battle and the Cross of Christ to go out to win the tomb of our Lord from the Saracens? Were they Holy Wars? In 1095 Pope Urban called the dignitaries of the Church, Abbots, Bishops, Archbishops, to the Council of Clarmont. With great gifts of eloquence the Pope pictured the

outrages offered the Christian pilgrims in Jerusalem by the infidel Mohammedans. He stirred the Council to its profoundest depths by urging how pious and meritorious a thing it would be to have the chivalry of Europe send its waves of military strength against the unspeakable Turk. To all who would enlist in the Holy War the Pope promised remission of sin and eternal life. The enthusiasm of Europe burst all restraints and princes and nobles, monks and anchorites, saints and sinners, rich and poor, hastened to enroll themselves beneath the standard of the Cross. One band of 50,000 men, women, and children under Peter the Hermit, and Walter the Penniless, crossed the Bosphorus to perish miserably of hunger, thirst, and slaughter. One-half the Knighthood of Europe under Robert, Duke of Normandy, assembled at Constantinople. The line of their march had been whitened by the bleached bones of half their number, but on they pressed with all zeal to the City of David. When the Holy City burst upon their view a delirium of joy seized the Crusaders. With bare feet and uncovered heads they advanced and the Holy City was taken by storm. One of the Christian Knights writing home said, "If you

desire to know what was done to the infidels found there, know that in the Porch of Solomon's Temple our men rode in the blood of the Saracens up to the knees of their horses." The recapture of Jerusalem by the Turks and the intelligence of the disaster caused other waves of Crusading Zeal. Emperor Frederick of Germany was drowned, Richard Cœur de Lion lost for years. Or look at the Children's Crusade. Isaiah was quoted—"The hand of a little child shall lead them," and 40,000 children crossed the Alps following the Pied Piper. They looked for the Mediterranean Sea to open miraculously and give them passage to the Promised Land. The few children who survived, alas, were sold as slaves in the Mohammedan slave markets of Alexandria. Were these also Holy Wars? Doubtless great tidal waves of good came out of them. Gibbon says that out of these Crusades came a stimulant to trade that whitened the seas with merchant sails, a crumbling of Feudalism, a transposition of culture from East to West, in a word, the seed planting of the Renaissance of learning and discovery. It may provoke a smile *en passant,* but yet, through battle and blood, the world "do move" and Christ achieves!

Carlyle's estimate of Mahomet has been so long before the world and has become so reputable that it deserves repeated reading. "Mahomet is found propagating his Religion by the sword. . . . We do not find, of the Christian Religion, either that it always disdained the sword, when once it got one. Charlemagne's conversion of the Saxon was not by preaching. I care little about the sword! I will allow a thing to struggle for itself in the world, with any sword or tongue or implement it has, or can lay hold of. We will let it preach, and pamphleteer, and fight, and to the utmost bestir itself, and do, beak and claws, whatsoever is in it; very sure that it will, in the long run, conquer nothing which does not deserve to be conquered. What is better than itself, it cannot put away, but only what is worse. In this great duel, Nature herself is umpire, and can do no wrong; the thing which is the deepest-rooted in Nature, what we call truest, that thing and not the other will be found growing at last." Maybe Carlyle, in this and in what follows, was preparing his countrymen for this theology of the God of Battles, with Nature a kind of Umpire, arbiter over the issue. "Here," Carlyle continues, "in reference

to much that there is in Mahomet and his success, we are to remember what an umpire Nature is; what a greatness, composure of depth and tolerance there is in her. You take wheat to cast into the Earth's bosom—your wheat may be mixed with chaff, chopped straw—no matter; you cast it into the kind, just Earth; she grows the wheat—the whole rubbish she silently absorbs, shrouds it in, says nothing of the rubbish. The yellow wheat is growing there; the good Earth is silent about all the rest." To the blood-reddened nations at war Carlyle's complacency and time-patience may be an irritating persiflage, but the thinking world will see that the great English thinker ("greatest English thinker," says Ruskin), was not far afield in turning History's Providence to the great God of Battle.

The mere thought of the flow of blood makes for a warm revulsion in any heart, most of all in the hearts of the followers of Jesus Christ. But in the mighty sweep of God's Providence in History, we shall see that when a divine principle is at stake, even human life must bleed for it. "Without the shedding of blood there is no remission of sin."

Almost every week sailors crossing the North Atlantic report the presence of huge icebergs, broken from the ice floes of the Arctic Sea and floating from the Polar Ocean toward the Equator. Often the huge carcases of ice will stretch a mile from stem to stern, driving its mighty avalanche hard, cruel, and irresistible. It was such a monster of the deep that sunk the *Titanic* with awful loss of human cargo. Soon these giant cakes of ice meet the warm currents of the Gulf Stream, and counter influences eat away their foundations and devour their vitals. Sailors declare that from time to time they see these skyscraper icebergs capsize and establish new centres of gravity and the process goes on and on until the hugh mass quite melts away and disappears in the blue waters of the open ocean.

In quite similar fashion great icy institutions have swept from the Polar past into our modern life. Against these icy institutions—slavery, despotisms, the liquor traffic—the warm currents of modern progress have been beating. Again and again they have been compelled to shift centre of gravity until they melted. Many a ship of State was in danger and the warm life-blood of

Lincoln and millions was given to melt it up. The huge ice floes were melted by blood of Mazzini in Italy, of Lafayette in France, of Washington in America, of William the Silent in Holland, of Kosciusko in Poland. The warm flow of blood would alone cure these great curses of the world. Armageddon goes on always, for without the shedding of blood there is no remission of sin.

Again and again and yet again the Armageddon of the world has come, but each time "God stood in the shadow keeping watch above His own." Germany has this time been the cause of our latest Armageddon. Anyone who has lived at all during these last four years knows the terrible menace to Christendom and Democracy and World Order brought on by the new Armageddon. Against the great Power, the modern Babylon, Christ went forth again with sword of conflict. We do not hesitate to say that Christ was in the battle, that Christ was the stake of the battle, that Christ was the victor of the Battle.

Mr. Elihu Root, in introducing the Archbishop of York at Carnegie Hall, made the occasion significant with the words: "This is a war between Christ and Odin-Thor. The war is not so much

a struggle for Servia or Poland or Belgium, as it is a struggle for the principle of Christianity." President Wilson defined the three-fold aim of the war—to make an end of wars and armaments and to introduce a League of Peace, to make the world safe for Democracy against Autocracy, and to make moral law the rule between nations large and small. But beyond these three principles, great as they are, it is asserted that the Allies battled for something greater and inclusive, namely, the Kingdom of God; that the utmost thing at stake on the Western front was the cause of the Christ against the Anti-Christ.

Even a secular writer like Colonel Watterson of the Louisville *Courier Journal,* says the Armageddon on in Europe was not so much for the issue of Democracy against Autocracy, as for the religion of Christ against paganism. "As the gentle Nazarene of the hillsides of Judea has survived every assault in history, He will survive this. As the Crusaders fought against the Mohammedans, so we fight today against the new Anti-Christ."

The sixty-third chapter of Isaiah opens with one of the loftiest strains of poetic prophecy; it

is one of the high spots of the Hebrew literature. The view takes in Jerusalem and the mountain regions and runs down to the Valley of the Jordan and the Dead Sea. As Isaiah stands so, a kind of watchman wondering what of the night, he sees a stranger approaching him, coming from the country where the heathen, the enemies of Israel, live. Isaiah sees a heroic figure, with giant stature and head high and proud, with steps free and stately, climbing the hills toward Jerusalem, the Zion of God. Isaiah points attention to the stranger's garments and they are marked and stained with blood. Isaiah is filled with amazement and he challenges the newcomer as a watchman might challenge the approach to a camp. "Who is this that comes from Edom, with dyed garments from Bozrah?" And the answer from the stranger is, "I that speak in righteousness, mighty to save." As he comes nearer the mysterious and awful blood stains upon his clothing become more clear and Isaiah says, "Wherefore art thou red in thine apparel?" The stranger answers, "I have trodden the winepress of the wrath of God alone." "Wherefore is this blood sprinkled upon my garments."

What could it mean that a stranger visitant should come up from Edom with bloody garments from Bozrah? The answer lay in the fact that Edom was the country where Israel's most inveterate enemies lived. No other nation pressed so hard or gave such unrelenting trouble to Isaiah's people as did Edom. And when the Conqueror from Edom tells Isaiah he has undertaken the defense of Israel and trodden Edom under foot, we can understand something of the power and comfort of such a vision to the Hebrew heart. But Isaiah was never satisfied with these partial mercies. The Conqueror from Edom is suggestion of a haunting Messiah, his bloody garments the suggestion of the blood spots of Calvary.

One of the most strategic bodies of water in the world, because of its massive historical interest and its military importance, is the River Rhine that accomplishes a passage through Europe from Switzerland to the North Sea. The Rhine looms up in our imaginations today with fiery images and with new historical interest because "Our boys" have recently reached and crossed its banks, and the old German "Watch On The Rhine" will never again mean for military ambi-

tion what it once meant. Swollen by the waters of many tributaries, the Rhine rolls on majestically through Germany and Holland to its destination in the seas. Like many other great rivers, the Nile, the Mississippi, the Amazon, the Rhine bifurcates again and again near its mouth, divides into five channels and flows off into the North Sea. If we trace the Rhine back, to its source and fountain-head, we arrive at the St. Gothard Mountains in Switzerland, 8,000 feet above the level of the sea. With the impetuous rush of swirling, foaming waters, through many a silvan glade and rocky defile and dark forest, the infant Rhine flows into Lake Constance. In this beautiful lake the stream pauses for a meditative moment like a pensive tourist and then plunges down through Germany for its 227-hour journey to the sea—through the Fatherland and on to the Father of Waters.

Just at the great bend of the river—where the Rhine departs from Switzerland for Germany, stands the charming Swiss City of Basel, one of the most ancient cities of Switzerland, dating back to the time of Julius Cæsar and his Helvetian campaigns. Basel is perhaps best known to Western tourists through the fame of its ca-

thedral, the burial place of the great Erasmus. Now, the city of Basel is peculiar and distinct from all the other cities of the Swiss Republic in this, that its time is set one hour ahead of the time of all the rest of Switzerland. When the clock sounds out 12 in Basel, it tolls out 11 in the rest of the country. An explanation for this is to be found in an old Swiss legend of rare charm and beauty.

It is oft repeated that "once upon a time," in the Middle Ages, the city of Basel, then a walled city, was besieged like Jericho by an army of enemies who encamped without the city gates. They would compel the city into starvation and capitulation. A conspiracy of base traitors took place within the city walls, and the conspirators plotted to throw open the town gates to the hostile army. The plan of agreement of the conspiracy was to await the solemn hour of 12 of a dark midnight, to watch for the old town clock to strike out its ominous 12 strokes, then to creep noiselessly to the walls and throw the gates open to the enemy. But at the last moment the conspiracy was discovered by the old keeper of the clock, who determined upon a way to outwit the enemy. The old

patriot determined to defeat their treason. At 11.30 of that dark night he climbed into the clock-belfry which served the cause of Swiss liberty, just as the old Boston Church tower and Paul Revere served the cause of American freedom. The clock-keeper pushed the hands one hour ahead, so that at midnight the old clock, instead of striking 12, struck a solemn and ponderous one. The traitors below, missing the appointed time by an hour, thought that their plans had miscarried and so deferred until the next night. Next day the old keeper of the clock revealed the conspiracy to the Lord High Mayor; the conspirators were apprehended and put to death. From that day to this the Mayor of Basel decrees the time of Basel shall be one hour ahead of that of the rest of Switzerland, to remind the people of their great deliverance from treason and tyranny.

A new hour has struck for the World! The clock of our thinking has been set forward in honor of our Great Deliverance. Someone has said that August, 1914, was a knife cutting Universal History in two. The last four years have been nervous, hectic, feverish, disquieting, a Reformation hour full of destiny, a Calvary hour crammed with

futurity. The world is saying, "Mine hour is come; glorify me with the glory I had in the golden age of the past." Tradition has it that in the Appalachian regions of the South there were men and women who from 1861-1865 never knew that the Civil War was on. Years afterward they came down from their backyards into the towns of Virginia and the Carolinas, to learn that the nation had passed through a great spiritual transformation. If any man can have passed through this great Armageddon of the world without a spiritual, mental transformation within, to correspond to the transformation in the world without, he is like those people of the Appalachians during the Civil War. Such a person might as well have lived on Mars or Jupiter or the Moon. But with most of us the mental and moral tonic from the Hour of Armageddon has been good. Our minds have taken on new dimensions and perspective of Internationalism; our souls have poured out to Belgians, Serbs, Poles, Armenians, whom having not seen we love; our hearts have beat to the music of exalted patriotism. The great clock of our thinking and feeling has been set forward in honor of our great deliverance from

bondage and the shadows of death. Shall this Armageddon be followed by the New Jerusalem?

If in this hour of the world anyone can classify Christ as Pacifist he has indeed missed the message of Armageddon and can hardly be expected to have vision enough to take in the subsequent New Jerusalem. Is the shedding of Armageddon blood in vain, or does it give the world remission of the sin of autocracy and promise of the New Day?

PART IV

THE CHRIST OF PEACE

"And they shall beat their swords into ploughshares and their spears into pruning hooks; nation shall not lift up sword against nation, neither shall they learn war any more forever." Isaiah 2:4.

"Jesus Christ hath broken down the middle wall of partition, abolishing enmity by the cross, and so making peace." Paul, Ephesians 2:14-16.

"Put on the whole armour of God, girding your loins with truth, having put on the breastplate of righteousness, having shod your feet with the preparation of the gospel of peace." Paul, Ephesians 6:12:15.

THE CHRIST OF PEACE

PROFESSOR WILLIAM JAMES, a few years before his death, published to the world a prophetic book which was immediately ranked as one of the greatest essays of the Nineteenth Century. It bore the title, "The Moral Equivalent of War." In this timely and pointed message, James contended that the military instinct and the love of war are hereditary in us, that we possess an innate pugnacity received from our ancestors. James traced the history of the question to the earliest tribes of the earth who were fighters for the pure love of plunder. Greek and Roman history were a panorama of jingoism, war for its own warlike sake. The wars of Alexander the Great and the Cæsars were piratical and lustful, horrible reading, all. War was the bloody nurse that trained society into law. War was bred into our bones and thousands of years of peace will not drive it out. Now, proposes William James, we do not desire to eradicate the

fighting instincts of man. Life would be mawkish and dishwatery and as spineless as blubber were it not for the military instincts and virtues. But what we do need is to make war serve society instead of destroying it.

James then proposes a moral equivalent for war. Let us have an army of conscription of all boys of the nation from eighteen to twenty-one years of age. Let them war against evil and for the conquest of Nature. Send these young men to the coal fields, to the fishing fleets, to road-building and tunnel-making. They shall return from the strenuous life not snobs but men, better fathers, husbands, sons, teachers, and their fighting instincts shall be chastened and purified to fight the higher spiritual battles of the world, where we battle not against flesh and blood but against principalities, spiritual evils in high places. Let them put on the full armour of God—the helmet of salvation, the breastplate of righteousness, the sword of the spirit, and be shod with the gospel of the preparation of Peace. A man's worst enemies may, after all, be those of his own household.

Whatever may have been the great offices of War in the past, to further God's redemption,

through the flotsam and jetsam of our confusing times a body of opinion is taking shape and dimension to the effect that there is enough Idealism potential and Christianity quantative to heal the wounds of international strife, to lay the basis of international brotherliness, to erect the temple of enduring Peace, and to give the lie to what Kipling meant to be denied:—

> We are very slightly changed
> From the simi-apes who ranged
> India's prehistoric clay.
> Whoso drew the longest bow
> Ran his brother down you know
> As we run men down today.
>
> Thus the artless songs I sing
> Do not deal with anything
> New or never said before.
> As it was in the beginning
> Is today's official sinning
> And shall be evermore.

The conviction spreads throughout Christendom that the pessimism about war's permanent place in the Evolution of Destiny can no longer hold its place in the sun; that "as it was in the beginning, is now and ever shall be, world without end," must fade before the growing dawn of confidential and perpetual peace. The night is far

spent and the day is at hand! Here is the new Day to toast, the Day of the League of Nations, which shall be called the Kingdom of God, the fulfilment of an ancient vision that the kingdoms of this world should become the Kingdom of One Lord. If such a Day be not fulfilled we have not "moved two inches since Calvary."

Let one look with discernment into the history of Israel and he cannot fail to be impressed with the moral grandeur of her prophets and their mission of the divine self-disclosure of God to the world. Amos the prophet of righteousness, Hosea the prophet of love, Ezekiel the prophet of the exile, Isaiah the prophet of peace and the Messianic hope, spoke with ascending and increasing fulness until their partial disclosures were rapturously completed in Christ. "God who in sundry times and diverse manners in times past hath spoken unto the fathers through the prophets, hath in these latter days spoken unto us, through His Son." Alas! In spite of their sweet faithfulness these moral giants of Israel had a hard lot. Amos was insulted and expelled by the high priest of Bethel, and Isaiah, if tradition be true, was sawn asunder in Jerusalem. From Moses to

Malachi there was an uninterrupted monotony of meanness shown to these fellows. After the good King Josiah was slain in battle on the plains of Esdraelon, Israel relapsed into heathenism. The prophets had a task almost too difficult to endure and their cries of anguish were pathetic. In ancient Israel the spirit of prophecy was so strong that there were schools of the prophets. Fantastic dreams, the whispers of trees, the flights of birds, storms and plagues of nature, the movements of sun, moon and stars, were all looked upon prophetically as indications of God's judgments. Joshua would cast lots to find out the criminal, or David used the whisper in the trees as sign for battle. These prophets felt the thrill of God and stood above Israel; they established Zion, spoke in behalf of justice, pointed to God's omnipotent guidance, showed the brilliant destiny of Israel. What mighty fellows they were! Voice and trumpet of Jehovah, they snapped at public opinion and blurted out the truth.

In vulgar and common thought a prophet has degenerated into a kind of necromancer, or slight-of hand, who foretells the future and of such an unworthy conception of prophet and prophecy it

is our foremost duty to divest ourselves. Among the Greeks of Plato's time the Prophets at the Delphic oracle expounded Zeus to the people, and in that Greek sense must we think of the Hebrew prophets. Prediction was only a subordinate, accidental part of their office. But these prophets ("moral giants," Carlyle says(poured God's judgments like cataracts on sin, yet offering healing streams of tenderness. The exhortation is flung at us—"Quench not the spirit of prophecy"; although a prophet is never without honor save in his own country.

By far the mightiest of all these prophetic voices of Israel was Isaiah. For 120 years before Isaiah, the Assyrian Kings had periodically plundered the Western States, Judah included. Tiglath Pilesser, the Kaiser of the day, had the world conquest lust, and under the leadership of Assyrian gods pictured as bulls, and with Hunlike ferocity he carried whole nations away into slavery. Judah was beset by Egypt on the South, Phoencia on the West, Damascus on the North, Assyria on the East, a political surface broken and restless with unending wars, and Judah the Belgium to be sucked into the whirlpool of conflicting powers.

Each of these nations had its tribal gods for victory, Judah included. When Ahaz was beaten by Assyria he said: "The gods of Syria have helped them, therefore will I sacrifice unto them," and often the Temple in Jerusalem became the shelter of heathen idols. It was a world of warring clans, with no ideas of a universal God, wallowing in stupidity, sprawling in war-lust, needing redemption as much as our melancholy planet today. In such an hour Isaiah, from close quarters with God, spoke on war and peace, sentences mightier than the tramp-tramp-tramp of armies.

The seventh of Isaiah, with its prophecy of Immanuel, the God of Peace, found utterance at the most critical times of Judah's history. A powerful combination of Damascus and Samaria was organized against King Ahaz, marched down the Jordan, overturned Jewish supremacy in Edon, defeated Ahaz in a great battle and besieged Jerusalem. In his distress Ahaz appealed to Tiglath Pilesser who soon came to the rescue. The brilliant incident ends with Ahaz worshipping with the Assyrians. Like other prophets, Dante or Milton or Luther, Isaiah knew how to use the scourage as well as the trumphet. Isaiah calls

Judah a vineyard neglected and run to thorns and briers. Its wild grapes come from mammonism, giddy drunkenness, bribes. And how can we deplore those corrupt features of Judah without rousing conscience or similar themes today? For with remarkable persistence in every civilization the two main passions of the human heart, the love of money and the love of pleasure, the love of gathering and the love of squandering, work havoc with the human soul.

In the midst of all the moral and political wreckage of Judah, with foes without and fears within, Isaiah ventures a prophecy on Peace, and the God of Peace. There is no better parallel to the scene in all history than that of King Lear, surrounded by enemies and ungrateful friends, weighed down with sufferings, his disordered mind growing dizzy before the abyss of madness. And as King Lear speaks to his day, "The Heavens do their visible spirits send quickly down to tame these vile offenses," so Isaiah speaks to the obdurate folly of Judah. "Hear, O ye Israel. The people that walked in darkness have seen a great light. For unto us a child is born and unto us a son is given, and the government shall be upon

his shoulders. And his name shall be called Wonderful, Counsellor, Mighty God, Everlasting Father, Prince of Peace. And of the increase of his peaceful government there shall be no end, upon the throne of David to uphold it with righteousness and justice forever. And the zeal of Jehovah of Hosts shall perform it." It has been felt that this solemn promise of the Royal House of God, Immanuel or God-With-Us, found itself when One took tabernacle among us and declared for Peace. "My peace I leave with you," in a Kingdom not meat and drink, but righteousness and joy and peace in the Holy Spirit.

And then the Christ came!

The organization of Christianity for twenty centuries now has been a tremendous experiment in the Chemistry of human and universal brotherhood. The movement had its root and origin in the first century when brotherhood was little known outside the physical relation and the roof dimensions of the private family. A young Man was born into Palestine when Roman militarism was rampant and even religion was formal and unbrotherly. He called together twelve men and

called them brethren, with relations as different from Judaism as socialism is from feudalism. The organization was founded on forbearance and good will, and the first great discussion that agitated it concerned the extent of its brotherliness,—was it confined to the Jews or was it to reach out to all races? At one great bound it broke with Judaism and declared for Jew and Gentile, bond and free. In that organization brother was not to go to law with brother, the brethren were to greet one another with a holy kiss, they would know that they had passed from death unto life because they loved the brethren, and inasmuch as they did anything of love unto one of the least of these His brethren, they did it to Him. Frankly and avowedly, is this organization today consenting to a permanent cleavage of the race and the impossibility of a world-wide brotherhood? There have been times when the Church has spent its enthusiasm and vitality on some issue of minor importance. Once the Church thought its main business to be preparation for the end of the world and they harped the Millennial doctrine. For long years the Church thought its main task to be rescue of the tomb of her Lord from the infidels,

and they spilt blood enough in the enterprise to make a river. Some Christians still believe it the main task of the Church to build up its theocracy of doctrine and order. But no one could listen for five minutes to Christ without a realization of what He considered first and prior. Jesus proclaimed a world order, the Kingdom of God, inclusive of all tribes and people, the Parliament of Man, the Universal Brotherhood. If the organization mentioned cannot take the leaves of the Tree of Life, meant for the "healing of the nations" and distil out of them any potion of medicine for our present hatred malady, let us all throw up our hands, and resign the chariot of our planet to the lurch of Hell! But yet one last hope is held out—that the organization in question can heal the sick, cast out devils, touch any deadly thing without harm—and the gates of Hell shall not prevail against it!

It is accurate to say that the central conception of Christianity is the Kingdom of God. The main objective of Christianity is certainly not the Church or Ecclesia, but a world organization penetrating all other organizations and including them —the Kingdom of God. Christ was first attracted

to the ministry of John the Baptist because he announced that "the Kingdom of God is at hand." In His first notable public utterance Christ urged "to seek first the Kingdom of God and its righteousness" and have all other things accumulate around that. The Kingdom is of such magnitude morally that "he that is least in the Kingdom of God is greater than John the Baptist." The Kingdom was to be such a leaven in the social and economic lump that in time all the kingdoms of this world were to become the Kingdom of Our Lord and His Christ.

The Kingdom of God of which Jesus Christ is pleader and head and King and Lord is, in political parlance, none less than the League of Nations. It is much more than the League of Nations, but it is not less. It is the Parliament of Man of Kant, the League of Wilson, the fulfilled vision of Tennyson.

For I dipt into the future, far as human eye would see,
Saw the vision of the world and all the wonder that could be,
Till the war drums throbbed no longer and the battle flags were furled,
In the Parliament of man, the Federation of the World!

A hurried glance over the history of Europe in the last twenty-five years makes one wonder,

not so much that the war broke out in 1914, as that it did not come sooner. Refresh your mind again with another glance at the flimsy barriers of peace erected in the last quarter century to hold back the angry waters of war. Outside peace advocates, like Carnegie and Baroness von Sutner, whose authority was purely that of sentiment, a few Utopian socialists, and flimsy "scraps of paper," what was there to maintain the peace? True, there were two great alliances, England, France, Russia; Germany, Austria, Italy, and each of these alliances, be it understood, was a peace pact with the purpose of a defense of rights and with no aim at aggression. Take the Alliance of the Central Powers formed in 1882 whereby it is agreed that if one of the high contracting powers be attacked, the other high contracting powers are bound reciprocally to assist with all the military force of their empires and to make peace only by common consent. The stated objective of Germany, Austria, and Italy was clearly only defensive, not aggressive. And again the treaty of England, France, and Russia of 1904, while it has never been published, is known to be purely a peace treaty and for mutual defense in case of attack. Yet these two peace combinations,

existing purely for the sake of the preservation of peace, have defeated their own ends, and have repeatedly stirred Europe with the apprehension and alarm of war. The impression soon got abroad in London and Paris that Germany, Austria, Italy, meant to strike a blow of aggression. And likewise in Berlin and Vienna it was felt that Edward VII was engineering a combination against the Central Powers. When, after the death of Edward VII, the Kaiser and the Crown Prince visited England, and when such cordial intimacy and friendship was shown between the English and German courts, it was hoped that suspicion and coldness would vanish like a fog under the sunlight. Then alas! came the affair at Morocco. Everybody is still sick over that dispute between Germany and France about the treaty of 1904, affirming the independence and integrity of Morocco. And anyone who can think in a straight line will see that it was only the efforts of Sir Edward Grey that kept the world then and there from blood. But the confused incident left in its wake painful impressions and bitter feelings and much mistrust. Again, in the Balkan crisis, with Serbia, Bulgaria, Turkey (the powder mill

of Europe) exploding, it was only the sincere efforts of Germany and England that averted the European conflagration.

Prior to the present Peace Conference, in international matters, Europe has been in the same situation as the gold-miners of California in 1849, where each man had to carry arms until a vigilance committee and a staple government could bring about disarmament. What Europe needed was a Central International government. To accomplish this we must substitute for the Balance of Power a Pooling of Power of all the naval and army strength of all the nations. A territory might be selected in Belgium or Switzerland or Holland as a District of Columbia for the union of all the nations. There the contracting nations would agree to submit all disputes for trial. Such a League of Nations would constitute a great Mutual Insurance Company for the preservation of peace and the prevention of wars forever. The original colonies of the United States of America once looked at one another with jealousy, distrust, hostility, as do now the sovereign States of Europe. What was needed in 1914 was a United States of Europe, yes, a United States of the world. The

lack of it was the cause, ultimate and final, of our Great Sorrow; for peace not enforced is a rope of sand. Whatever may have been the direct and immediate cause of the World disaster, whether Schwein-politic, or Serbian anarchy, or Prussian malevolence, or what not,—the ultimate and final cause was a lack of a United States of the World.

The permanent peace of the World must be founded upon the two basic Christian principles of righteousness and love. By the power of the sword the Allied world has secured the first element, Righteousness, as the cornerstone of the League of Nations. Enduring peace must be founded on what is right. The writer of Hebrews tells of a mysterious man who met Abraham on the plains of the promised land, and to this mysterious personage Abraham paid titles. The strange visitant appears but for a moment, then vanishes into the unknown like a dissolving view or a vision of the night. One thing is told concerning him. His name is Melchizedec, or King of Righteousness. Most significant of all, Melchizedec lives in Salem, which is City of Peace. "The fruit of Righteousness is Peace, and the ef-

fect of righteousness is quietness and confidence forever."

But the second equally essential basis is Love. We shall have to learn that God lets His rain fall on the just and the unjust, that He hath made of one blood all nations, that the quality of mercy is not strained, that it is twice blest, that it becomes the earthly monarch better than his crown. There doth earthly power seem likest God's when mercy seasons justice.

The sentiment of love to Germany may be impossible or improbable to the countless babes and women of England and France who "wait for the touch of a vanished hand and the sound of a voice that is still." Perhaps the present generation of wounded and bereaved must first pass away before England, France, and Germany can clasp hands. But says Mr. H. G. Wells, "Behind the barriers, German and anti-German must prepare the peace where all can meet without accusation of resentment, without slobbering either sentimentality or unforgettable injuries. We want no pro-German or anti-German League after the war; we want patience and silence"—till God comes!

It is a hard saying, to be sure, but one worthy

of all acceptation that no permanent peace can be founded on humiliation and enmity, but only on respect and international friendship. After the terrible war between England and France of 1799, the great English statesman, William Pitt, expressed the creed when he said, "Our object in this War was merely security, security and nothing more. We do not want a peace where the victor dwells with savage delight on the prostrate condition of the conquered." After the defeat of the Scourge of Europe at Waterloo, the Duke of Wellington (a true Englishman) spoke for England: "It is not our business to humiliate France by taking her territory—but if we can we should win the world back to peaceful habits." So it shall be at the close of this Armageddon. The leaders of Allied thought at the great Peace-table are men of humane instinct and they will see that in future the nations of Europe must live together as brothers. Reparation indeed shall be made in full, but hatred—away with it!

Jesus Christ commanded, "Be ye perfect as your heavenly Father is perfect. If ye love only them that love you what do ye more than the publicans?" If such an attitude be not practica-

ble internationally, then Christianity is utopian idealism, a story for the poet's books, and Mohammedanism has us beaten, "hands down," and we confess that the Allies are victims of the same hell of passions and imbecilities that we seek to crush in Prussia. But thanks to the idealism of Woodrow Wilson's statesmanship, we have battled for something nobler than that! Wilson has implored the American people to see that we do not fight against the German people, but against their lustful Prussianism. In a word, Woodrow Wilson has put into the light of International day the League of Nations policy—which in effect is the Kingdom of God. The root fault (call it a religious name, sin) of the "Balance of Power" peace of the last hundred years, since the Congress of Vienna, has been that Alliances and Ententes have constantly nagged and harassed and bullied and "resisted" one another with suspicions and exasperations. If this war does not destroy and shatter out of the good society of decency that old method of peace preservation and bring in a League of All Nations, it will introduce a laugh from all the devils of hell that will reverberate, like guns of a universal western battle front, over

all our planet. Under such a League of Peace we shall no longer resist one another, but we shall resist evil, and overcome evil with organized and effective and triumphant good. Such a League of Peace can say, "Vengeance is mine; I will repay."

When a possible war arose in the past there were four kinds of pressure to be exercised, diplomacy, public opinion, economic interests, and military power. A League of Nations with all these pressures entrusted to it would be irresistible for enhancing peace.

But beyond the exercise of diplomacy and public opinion and economic pressure and military pressure is the necessity of a more beautiful element—Friendship. We have in mind now the case of Japan and the United States. Japan is a land of cherry-blossoms, and wisteria, of beautiful mountains and delicate art, of fascinating people and charm. But Japan is also taking on with a vengeance the spirit and dynamic of the West. If we read the cheap Jingo papers we can get a very bad impression of Japan. If we nurse our suspicions we can easily see that Japan is arrogant,

unblushingly insincere, land-hungry, seizing, within twenty years Formosa, Korea, South Manchuria, mistreating China, trying to establish a naval bases in Mexico, and to plant its flag on the Rocky Mountains. On the other hand every suspicion we have had of Japan, Japan has had of America. Japanese Jingoists consider America dollar-mad, materialistic, hypocritical, carrying Christ to the heathen, along with imperialistic ambitions to the Orient, America seizes Hawaii, the Philippines, Panama, and when it comes to a real showdown Japan has more grounds for her suspicions than we have. In Japan Americans were permitted to hold ground like other aliens, but in California there was frank discrimination against the Japanese. Suspicion is a hard monster to allay. You cannot kill suspicion with armies or navies, by destroying forts, or by killing people. The only cure for international suspicion is overt and open international friendship. Suppose, instead of protecting ourselves from Japan with the projection of another battleship, we took the $10,000,000, and presented to Japan a half dozen colleges, hospitals and Statues of Liberty. Such a protest

of friendship would go the stellar places farther to seal Japanese-American peace than four fleets of battleships patrolling Pacific waters.

Following the Boxer uprising in China, when indemnity was granted the nations, the sum of $25,000,000 was awarded the United States for the loss of American life and property. John Hay, our Secretary of State, moved by the loftiest motives, proposed to remit to China $13,000,000 of the sum. China, deeply moved by this act of generosity and friendship set aside the sum to send six hundred of her best students to America annually for education in our universities. That act of America has sealed the friendship of China to us with hoops of steel. Beyond what Hamilton Holt calls peace by "diplomacy, public opinion, economic pressure, and military force," is the added element,—international friendship. When the law of international friendship goes out from Mt. Zion, then they shall beat their swords into ploughshares and their spears into pruning hooks, and they shall make war no more forever, except in what William James calls "the moral equivalent for war."

The most critical hour is now brooding over the

World since the spirit of God brooded over the void at creation. Every constructive soul feels the deep, passionate, impatient yearning for the Consummation of Everlasting Peace. It is time for Jesus Christ to "break down the middle wall of partition, "abolishing enmity and so making peace."

It is a strategic and pressing hour! We must embrace its divine opportunity in the ascendant.

> There is a tide in the affairs of men,
> Which, taken at the flood, leads on to fortune;
> Omitted, all the voyage of their life
> Is bound in shallows and in miseries,
> On such a sea are we now afloat,
> And we must take the current when it serves
> Or lose our venture.

Princeton Theological Seminary Libraries
1 1012 01246 9021